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THE
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1887

LORD
TENNYSON



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THE BROOK

BY

ALFRED

LORD TENNYSON

P.L. D.C.I

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WOODRUFF

London

MACMILLAN AND CO

AND NEW YORK

1887

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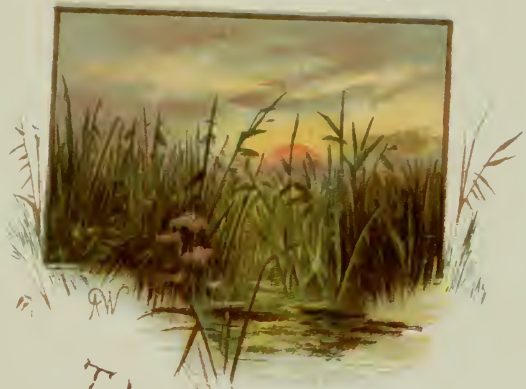
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Illustrated Title.
2. Vignette.
3. " I come from haunts of cat and here."
4. " And sparkle out among the fern."
5. " By thirty hills I hurry down."
6. " 'Till last by Philip's farm I flow."
7. " I chatter over stony ways."
8. " With many a curve my banks I fret."
9. " And many a fairy foreland set."
10. " I chatter, chatter, as I flow."
11. " I wind about, and in and out."
12. " And here and there a flamy flake."
13. " And draw them all along and flow."
14. " I steal by lawns and grassy plots."
15. " I moan the sweet forget-me-nots."
16. " I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance."
17. " I murmur under moon and stars."
18. " I linger by my shingly bars."
19. " And o'er again I curve and flow."
20. Vignette.



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The Brook



AN.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern.
I make a sudden sally,



AND sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

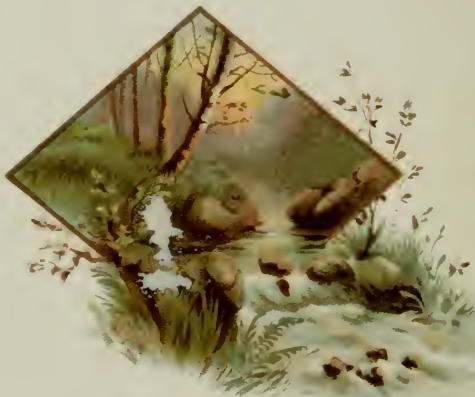
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,



By twenty thorps, a little town
And half-a-hundred bridges



STILL last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river.
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.



I CHATTER over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.



WITH many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow



AND many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow



I CHATTER, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.



I WIND about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.



AND here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silver waterbreak
Above the golden gravel



AND draw them all along and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever



I STEAL by lawns and grassy plots,
I steal by hazel covers;



| MOVE the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers



| SLIP. I slide. I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows.
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Among my sandy shallows



[MURMUR under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses.



I LINGER by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;



AND out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

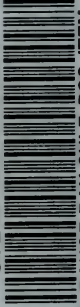


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Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson
The brook

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